

# Hearts of Evil

by jedi day

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## Hearts of Evil

> <meta name="Generator"> This story is about Obi-Wan when he was about 16 \_

Prologue: Ambush

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Master and I were on a mission Reptaw, a wild planet with few major cities. We were to find the location of a distress beacon sent out by someone on the planet to the Republic. The mission briefing had been short and to the point, as was customary among the Jedi Council. The distress beacon had been set for Republic frequency, which meant someone out there was in major trouble. The Council had chosen Master because of his skill in fighting. They had a feeling this would be necessary. I went along because I was his Padawan. It had only taken us a short hour to prepare for this journey. The trip in had been uneventful, but I had a nagging feeling in the back of my mind. Somehow, I knew things would not go smoothly on this wild planet. The capital of Reptaw was Volwrept, and it was not by any means a large city. The whole thought of landing on this planet made me sick to my stomach, but all too soon it came.

Our pilot told us that we were about to land, so we went to the cockpit to watch. We received a call from the spaceport of Rawtop, the largest spaceport city on Reptaw. The comm crackled. "Unidentified Republic shuttle, please identify yourself. Unidentified Republic shuttle, please identify yourself." The pilot said, "This is shuttle \_Nightfall\_, requesting permission to land." "This is Space control. Permission granted. Proceed along Vector 33.6." The pilot affirmed, and prepared us for landing. I looked at Master. "Something's not right here." I said. Master looked at me curiously. "What do you mean? I sense nothing." I replied "It's somethingâ€|wrongâ€|I can't place my finger on it. But something is

not right about this at all. I think we should go back." Master remained silent for a long moment before answering. "We can't go back now. This mission is of utmost importance. Besides, I don't sense anything wrong at all. Put your fears behind you, my Padawan. They can do nothing but harm." "Yes, Master." I replied dutifully. Yet, I still couldn't shake the feeling I had, one of impending doom.

The pilot snapped me out of my reverie. "We're landing now, sirs. It appears that a party is waiting for us." The hatch opened, and the ramp was lowered. Master walked out of the cockpit towards the ramp, beckoning me to follow. I did, right into an ambush. There were about 20 men waiting for us, armed with vibro-shivs. They came at us, and Master and I both pulled our lightsabers. In the confusion that followed, I was separated from Master. I'm not sure what happened next, but I suddenly saw the men retreating, they had Master on their backs. He was unconscious. One of the men slashed me with his vibro-shiv in passing, and I fell to the floor. I fainted, to the peculiar sound of children laughing.

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## Part 1: Aftermath

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I awoke, to find myself alone. My head pounded wildly, and my vision was blurry at first. I took a look around myself, only to come to realization. Master...they took Master! "Nnooo!!" It took me a moment to identify the source of that chilling scream, then I realized it was me. I had screamed at the top of my voice, to no avail. "No." I repeated again, more softly this time. I saw the pilot, lying in the hallway, dead. Blood was everywhere. I felt very sad, and very cold. Master wasn't here. Hot tears stung at my eyes, spilled over. I cried for a long time. When at last my tears subsided, I criticized myself. Master would've chastised me for losing control like that, but he didn't. He couldn't. He wasn't there. The tears threatened again, but I wouldn't let them come. I would be strong. I stretched out with the Force. No one. For the first time since Master had picked me as his Padawan, I was completely and utterly alone. I sat for a long time and thought.

After a while, I decide that I wasn't doing any good sitting there, so I ventured out of the shuttle. I had no idea where they had taken Master (or why, for that matter), so I let my feet take me where they would. I wandered for several hours before night came. The city was dark, as cities at night sometimes are. I didn't want to be on the streets, so I took refuge in an abandoned shack for the night. Morning came, clear and bright, but the rays of the Belsavian sun did nothing to warm me. I felt as though I had a big, gaping, empty hole in my soul. I ventured out of the shack and went down the street, looking for food. I found a street vendor and bought some bread with the little money I had. Then I began to walk. I walked out of the spaceport city and into the open meadows surrounding it. There was a path, with fresh footprints. I decided to follow the footprints.

The footprints led me for several hours. I was growing tired, and occasionally had to stop and rest. I ate whatever was on the trees, hoping it wasn't poisonous. After eating, I continued on in the hopes

of finding a refresher. I suddenly needed one. Seeing none, I ducked behind the nearest tree. Feeling better, I ventured back onto the path, its soil leading me on to a place I could only guess at.

Eventually, I found myself wandering the streets of a town. Day had given way to night, and it was chilly. The streets were clean and the houses were well kept, but there was no one in the town at all. That was a chilling thought. I wondered where the inhabitants of this town might have gone. Abruptly, my danger sense tingled. I turned, to find a dark, robed figure advancing on me. I pulled out my lightsaber, but the stranger merely laughed at my attempts to cut him down. He was much quicker than I, and easily dodged my slashes. Finally he wrested the lightsaber from my grip, his hand cold over mine. He came up close to me, so close I could smell his foul breath. He put one cold hand over my mouth, the other grabbing my head. I tried to yell, but he stilled my vocal cords. I couldn't breathe, and I struggled against his hands. In despair, I cried out through the Force, calling Master, hoping somehow he could hear. "Qui-Gon! Qui-Gon! Qui-Gon!" As I called out, a black curtain descended across my vision. The last thing I knew before slipping into slumber was the feeling that someone, somewhere, had heard that final call.

I came to, how much later I do not know. I found myself in a dimly lit room with no furniture other than the pallet I was on. The first thing I noticed was that nothing hurt. The second thing I noticed was that I was thirsty. Suddenly, the door opened, and a man walked in. My Force sense did not recognize him at all, but I knew somehow he was friendly.

He asked "Would you like some water?" I replied "Yes, that would be nice." He handed me a glass full of sweet, cold, refreshing water. I drank happily. "Who are you?" I asked. "Names are not important. What matters is what I am. I am a traveler, a seeker of the truth. And you?" "I am a student, a seeker of knowledge. " I did not tell him more. "Are you one of the children?" he asked, his voice hushed, soft and quavering. He seemed frightened. "I am afraid I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not from this planet." The man seemed relieved. "I suppose I should tell you then. This planet is overrun with children, all of them Force users. They are evil. They hunt down other beings using the Force and slaughter them. They only kill other Force users. Everyone else is enslaved. I'm surprised they haven't found me yet. If they find you!" I interrupted. "But then who was it that came after me?" He replied, "I do not know. I found you on the street of the ghost town about two hours ago. Do you remember your attacker? " "Yes. He was a Force user as well. He was powerful enough to evade and overpower me. Other than that, I have no idea who he was. But anyway, I need to see these children. Can you tell me where to find them?"

He stared at me in horror. "You mean, you actually want to confront those monsters? All right, I'll tell you how. They live in the forest, about 40 kilometers to the west of here. If you follow the path from my house west, you will see it ends in the forest. From the path, head due south and you will come upon their settlement. I wouldn't go if I were you, though."

I snorted. "I didn't ask you what **\*\*you\*\*** would do. Is there anything I can use to get there? I mean, my lightsaber is broken. Do you have

a weapon?" He said "Ha! You won't need a weapon. It would do you no good. I can send some food and water with you, nothing more. When do you wish to go?"

"Immediately." I said. "The sooner the better." I was given some bread and a flask full of water, and sent on my way.

I walked for a long time, I guess about five or six hours. The path was rocky and uneven, and my feet began to hurt. My Force sense was tingling slightly, but there was no feeling of danger or urgency. The path ended abruptly, in the middle of a forest. I headed south until I reached the top of a hill. There were children at the bottom of the hill, dozens of them, laughing and carrying on. I decided to go and join them.

They were playing and laughing together. A small group was clustered around, so I went to see what was so interesting. It was a human head, bloodied and torn. I tried to hide my horrified disgust. I left and went into a house. There were more children, talking and laughing. I could feel evil all around. One of them came over to make conversation.

> "You're new around here, aren't you?" <br> "What makes you think that?" I replied.

> "I've never seen you before. I'm Tolven. And you are?"<br> Somehow I knew I should not reveal my identity. However, if these were who I thought they were, they would probably find out anyway. "I am Haret." I lied.

> "What brings you around here? Would you like to join us?"<br> Something told me that I must keep my true intentions hidden, so I simply said "Yes, I would like to join your group."

Tolven yelled "Everyone gather around. We have a newcomer to our group. This is Haret. Let's all try to give him a warm welcome."

> A chorus of cheers went up from the circle of children. I was welcomed and assigned to a house and room for the night. I was somewhat pleased to have Tolven for a roommate. <p> \_

## Part 2: Descent into Evil

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> After I was settled in, we all gathered to eat. They set before me human flesh, which I politely declined, saying "I don't eat meat." That was now true. After dinner, we sat around a fire and one of the older children told a tale about other children long gone. We then went to our houses to prepare for bed. I was given directions to the nearest refresher. After relieving myself, I went back to my assigned room. Tolven said "Good night, Obi-Wan. Sweet dreams." He was asleep in seconds. I was not. I stayed up for a while, searching my feelings. Something wasn't right. I knew it now. These children were evil. But there was something else. Something even more sinister than anything the children could try on me. I went outside. I needed to think, to clear my head.<p>

Suddenly, I heard a commotion. One of the children was coming back into town. A group of children followed, carrying something on their backs. As they came nearer, I saw what it was. My stomach twisted, and my heart broke open. No. This couldn't be. It was too unreal to even be possible. But it was. The man who had saved me last night was

being brought into town, freshly slaughtered. The children were singing, songs of a successful hunt. My blood turned cold. I wondered, can I survive this? The other children came out of their houses. I went back to bed, and eventually fell asleep. And dreamed. Dreams of sorrow and death, voices crying in the wilderness. I awoke, in the morning, with an unshakable dread, a premonition, warning me. I had to do something, and soon. I stretched out to the Force. Nothing, other than the tainted sense of evil I had felt since entering this place. I got up, and went outside. Everyone was eating breakfast. What, I didn't ask. I only sat down next to a young girl. She looked up at me after a moment.

"You're the new one, aren't you? My name is Rehn'da. I'm not from around here. They just adopted me as one of them. Are you going to be adopted? When? I can't wait. How old are you? How did you end up on this planet? Why did you come here? Huh, huh? Well??"

"Slow down. Yes, I'm the new one. I'm from a planet far away from here. I came here with my family. I got lost, and I ended up here." I didn't want to tell any of these people anything, so I lied. Master Yoda would rap me with his stick if he knew. Wait a minute. "What's adoption?" I wasn't sure I wanted to know.

Rehn'da replied "It's where they initiate you. You have to go and find a Force user and kill him, then bring him to camp for a feast. I completed mine last year. He was delicious." Oh great. Just great. I had to get out of that awful place, that place of evil. And I had to do it now.

Later, I went on a walk with Tolven, who showed me the rest of the town. An aura of evil hung about the entire place. I was preoccupied, thinking, when Tolven interrupted my thoughts.

"Tonight we will meet around the campfire to discuss what will happen with you. Is that clear? We'll think of something useful for you, don't worry." I could hardly wait.

. That night, we met around the campfire again. One of the smallest children demonstrated some crude way to hunt, and then the leader of the town spoke.

"We the council have made a decision on the matter of our newest member, Obi-Wan. He will be initiated first thing tomorrow." What council? At that point I noticed Tolven smiling cruelly at me. So. He knew. Somehow, he knew. The leader continued. "Tomorrow morning, he will be taken into the forest and left there, with only a hunting knife, to find and kill a Force user. He has one week to do all this, before we hunt him down. So be here at dawn tomorrow to begin the process."

One week. One week to get off of this planet, one way or the other. "Oh and, to make things interesting, our scout, Tiahad, will accompany him." The leader gave me an evil grin, and I went back to my quarters, more confused and depressed than ever. This was going way wrong.

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Part 3: My Name Is Siad Het'meq, and I Am an Amnesiac

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He awoke, to cold, damp floors and prison bars. He couldn't remember a thing. Every part of his body ached, and he struggled to know why. He had no answer. Everything was empty. No memories, none at all. Who was he, and why was he here? He walked over to the door. Of course it was locked. He screamed in frustration. A guard came running.

"Ah, Siad, so good to see you awake again. So, are you hungry? I can get you some food." \_Siad must be my name\_ he thought. \_But where am I from? And why do they have me locked away like this? At least I know what a prison is. I just don't know anything about me\_. The thought depressed him. "Yes, I am hungry." He replied. "Alright, I'll get you some grub, and then we can get you out of here." The guard said simply.

An hour or so later, he was taken to a palace, and told this was his home. So he must be royalty. He went upstairs, to the place they designated as his chambers. He looked around. There was something sitting on his dresser. He picked it up, staring at it curiously. A lightsaber, here on his dresser. Why? He sat down on the huge, posh bed, trying to figure things out. Nothing seemed to fit here. He knew so much about the universe, but his own lie was a gaping hole. He wondered what was going on, but then he lay back. The bed was so comfortable, and eventually he just went to sleep.

I found myself in the forest about two hours later, just looking around. I had to get used to those trees. I would be spending a lot of time here. I heard footsteps approach. Tiahad. "I figured that we needed to get to know each other, so I came to do that." he said. His eyes were like a warrior's, only evil. "Using the Force, I can find anything that breathes. And stop it from breathing. That includes people who try to escape." He smiled cruelly. I knew that included me. I took it as a warning. This whole place made me ill. I had to get out of here. Tiahad interrupted my thoughts. "Best get to bed. You're going to need your rest for tomorrow. I'll be by your place at dawn." He left.

That night, I couldn't sleep. I kept seeing evil children with red eyes, running around, blood dripping from their jaws. They were howling, and calling my name in the darkness. I knew it as a premonition. I was relieved when Tolven woke me up. "Time to go." He whispered. I knew he was enjoying this immensely. I wanted to slap him silly, but didn't. Instead, I put on my clothes and stepped outside. Tiahad was waiting. He had a large hunting knife strapped to his waist, and a look on his face like death. "I have been waiting for you." He said softly, darkly. "The elders will see us off."

We went to the campfire, where three of the biggest boys were waiting. They chanted, threw some ashes into the air, and took us into the forest, where we were left. Alone. Tiahad looked at me and said "You try anything, and you will be the feast." His eyes glittered in the early morning dimness. I was unarmed. He was not. I knew I had to get out of there once and for all. I concentrated on the Force, and made a branch break. He turned towards the sound, and I fled, sprinting through the dense foliage.

I ran for several hours, stopping only once to drink some water from a nearby stream. I could sense no one near me, that was good, at least. At last I reached a clearing. Thankfully, it wasn't the town

of the children. It was a small village, with people bustling about. They paid no attention to me as I wandered around. Finally, I asked someone where I was at. They replied "This is Eghat Town. You are about 200 kilometers from nowhere." I noticed a palace in the distance, so I headed that way.

Along the way, I passed many shops, bakeries, delis, and all sorts of places to eat. I was hungry, especially since I hadn't eaten for a long time. I went in to one shop and ate some sort of pastry that wasn't cooked very well. Then I went towards the palace. A guard was standing outside the gate. I stood next to him and waited. Why, I do not know. Suddenly, a figure emerged from the palace and came towards us on the run. It took me a moment, but then I knew. Ignoring the guard, I ran headlong at the approaching man, so happy was I to see him. We stopped, regarded each other for a moment, and then he spoke.

"Well, it's been a while, hasn't it, my Padawan? Did you find anything interesting?"

I looked at Master for a moment, and then replied "I found that we must leave this planet, and soon. There are...people here, who will kill us when they find us." He nodded. "I know. I felt them. Their power is quite strong. We best stick together."

We turned and left the palace, and walked a different way, away from the town. The path was steep and rocky, and on one side was a cliff that went a long way down. It's funny how we never sensed them until it was too late. They attacked from all sides, wild men who smelled like the animals they rode on. They drove us toward the cliff. Master ignited his lightsaber and fought back. Its green glow didn't seem normal. Master didn't seem himself either. I quickly put that thought away, we had work to do. I had no lightsaber, so I wasn't much help. I picked up an electropole that one of the mountain people had dropped, and began to use it, jabbing people with it. One of them pulled out a vibro-shiv and slashed me across the face with it. I fell back, stunned, as another jabbed me in the side with his electropole. While Master was distracted, I was suddenly picked up and dropped. Over the cliff. I fell fast and landed hard on my leg. At least I didn't lose consciousness. But everything hurt, it hurt to even think of moving. I finally attempted to stand, only to discover my right ankle was broken, and there wasn't an obvious path out of the ravine I had fallen into.

Qui-Gon stared down the cliff at his Padawan, then turned away. He grabbed at the stuff covering his face, and pulled it off. Underneath was the face of the man who had first attacked Obi-Wan on this planet. He smiled, glad his job was done, and walked up the side of the cliff. Now all he had to do was get back to the real Qui-Gon, and exterminate him before anything else happened.

I closed my eyes and tried to think. I needed to heal myself first, then I could find a way out of there. But where to start? I was feeling ill, and I knew I was about to throw up. This wasn't going well at all. I used the Force, reached out to feel Master's comforting presence, somewhere far above me. But then I felt dizzy and quickly cut myself off. I looked around, trying to find a splint for my damaged leg.

## Part 4: Deception

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He waited for a while, and turned away from the cliff. Tolven removed his mask and laughed. The traitor was down in the ravine, and he was now Qui-Gon. He had been lucky to pay off the prison guards the way he had. It had taken him a while to get there and get set up after the traitor had left hunting. When he had found the lightsaber on the table, he figured it must be an offworlder who was friends with the traitor. So he found out what this offworlder looked like and pulled an amazing stunt. Luck had indeed been with him. He was glad that he had been one of the children who scouted the area for possible Force users, and he could recognize a lightsaber as an offworld weapon. And the idiot traitor fell for it!!! Tolven was happy, now he had Obi-Wan right where he wanted him. This was going to be rich.

I wiped my mouth and looked around at my surroundings. I felt cold, and my leg felt like it was on fire. I was puzzled by the feeling I had gotten from Master. It almost seemed like another person. No. It wasn't Master, was it? I was now getting more and more confused. But I couldn't worry about that. Night was setting in, and I needed to find shelter and a splint for my damaged ankle. I saw a tree nearby, and then several more, with branches that hung down. Perfect, I thought. I set about making a shelter with my now tattered robe, and then cutting some branches to make a makeshift splint. Meanwhile, I felt dizzy, and knew I had a fever. Things were going very wrong.

I then noticed that I was hungry. Thankfully, there was fruit hanging from a tree in a clearing. I ate, then settled down to try and sleep. It was hard, but I finally got some. I woke the next morning with a pounding headache, and I could tell my leg was infected. I forced myself up, and scouted the surrounding area for a way out. There was none that I could see, so I settled back down and concentrated on healing.

He awoke in a large room. He was puzzled, and it took him a moment to realize all that had happened. He still didn't remember. A young woman entered the room and smiled at him. "So, you're awake? You've been asleep for three days. The High Priest wishes to speak with you when you feel ready. Would you like something to eat?"

He was given something, and he ate it. It was warm and nutty, a little too nutty for his taste. After he finished, he looked at the woman and spoke for the first time. "Where am I? What is this place? Why am I here? Who am I?" the woman simply answered with "The high Priest can answer your questions. Will you go see him now?"

He was led down a long series of hallways, and eventually stopped in front of a room with large, ornate doors. "This must be the chamber of the High Priest," he thought. He was admitted inside. A large man sat in the center of the room, dressed in white robes. He beckoned him in and the servant out. After a moment of silence, the High Priest spoke.

"Your name is Qui-Gon Jinn. You were brought here because you are a Force user." Seeing the blank look on the other's face, he continued. "You have an apprentice. His name is Obi-Wan Kenobi." Finally



recognition dawned on the man's face, quickly followed by a look of horror. "There are people out there who prey on Force users, so we had to bring you here. We didn't expect any resistance from you. You are in Volwrept, the capital city of Belsavis. I know you have many questions; I will try to answer as many as possible."

"Well, if you 'rescued' me and brought me here, where is my apprentice? Where is Obi-Wan?" The Priest stared at him for a moment. "We tried to bring him too. But we didn't, so you'd best forget about him. You probably will never see him again." Qui-Gon's angry glare turned immediately into fear for his Padawan, then to determination. "Excuse me, I must go." Without another word, he left the room. He walked down the hall back to his own quarters. He picked up his lightsaber off the dresser. Suddenly, Qui-Gon heard a noise behind him. He whirled to see a figure dressed in black, slowly descending upon him. The figure held a green lightsaber as well. There was a brief skirmish, but Qui-Gon cut him in half. As he stepped into the hall, he heard voices. One, a female, said "Where is the Force user?" Another voice said "We left him at our stop in Eghat Town. He pulled the wool over the other Force user's eyes." "So, his apprentice is in trouble as well then?" "Yes, he's probably dead. As this old guy will be soon. He assumes too much."

Qui-Gon went the other way down the hall. He tried all of the doors until he found one that led outside. With that, he fled the building, in hopes he could find someone to lead him to Eghat Town. He stretched out with the Force, and couldn't sense much of anything. I'll try later he thought, and ran faster.

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\_I admit it.\_ I thought to myself. \_I'm impatient.\_ I wasn't healing fast, and I felt sicker and weaker by the day. I guessed I had been in the ravine for 13 days. I had moved around some, in the hopes of getting out of here. Nothing yet. I began to wonder what was to become of me. I didn't know, because I wasn't healing, I couldn't sense Master, and I had no weapon other than a few sharp sticks I had found. I felt a disturbance in the Force suddenly, and turned to see nothing. Absolutely nothing. I thought it was just my imagination, nothing more. I still felt like a fool for trusting that lookalike of Master, and I didn't need my imagination playing with me. It came yet again, and I had to wonder what it was. My only warning was a ripple of darkness in the Force.

The attack came from my left. I felt a blow to the side of my head, and turned to see a very recognizable figure standing over me. He pulled out an equally recognizable object. I knew then that I wasn't going to heal myself anytime soon.

Tolven smiled to himself. Finally, after days of searching, he had found a way into the ravine. The traitor was about to pay. He remembered when Obi-Wan had showed up at camp. He tried to hide his feelings, but all the children were Force-sensitive. Too bad the fool never realized that. He would have made a great addition to the ranks. But he had to resist. Tolven pulled the lightsaber out and examined it. Such a fine weapon. He had been lucky to get it when he had. He chuckled to himself as he thought of the owner of this weapon. What was his name? Qui-Gon. He too was a buffoon. He would take care of the old guy later. But first, first, was Obi-Wan. Tolven could sense the moron as he walked through the trees. This would be

fun, he knew.

Tolven stepped into a clearing. Obi-Wan was there, facing the other way. Tolven advanced quickly. "Surprise, surprise" he thought as he struck, first with the hilt of the saber. He was caught totally by surprise.

I landed hard on my back. I stared up at Tolven, hovering over me. I concentrated, and suddenly ripped the lightsaber out of his grip and into mine. He stared at me, stunned. I ignited the blade and forced him to the ground. After a moment I said "I guess I should have known. You people were a little too friendly for my liking. Where are the others?" I said where are they?" He replied "They're out hunting for you. They will find us and kill you brutally. You will die torturously." I looked at him and said "I'll take that chance. Just lead me out of this ravine. Now, on your feet." I forced him on his feet, checked for other weapons, and forced him to take us out of there.

After several hours of walking, we found ourselves cold, tired, and hungry, but I reused to stop, even for my own good. Tolven seemed to have given up, but I was wary. Something didn't seem right. I wasn't sure how close we were to anywhere, but we had to get there fast. Before the children found us. I didn't want to face all of those little monsters at once, not in my weakened state. Night had fallen once more, and I began to wonder what had become of Master. I now had his lightsaber, and I couldn't sense him. I turned to Tolven and asked "Where did you get this?" He said "I got it from some old guy after I slaughtered him. He was an offworlder and a Force user. He died painfully, as will you." At that moment I felt more despair than I ever had. It couldn't be but I couldn't sense him. I held his lightsaber in my hands and an instant rage swept over me. "You killed" I couldn't finish. I limped a short distance away and sat down. Anger was wrong, I had to stop myself. I had to get to the capital city of Volwrept, where we were supposed to go in the first place. I was unhappy, and I knew that things were going to get worse. The sense of evil was growing, and I realized too late that I had let Tolven lead me right into a trap.

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## Part 5: Scent of Death

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I found myself surrounded by savages. As I noticed the children standing around me, I realized how small this planet was. Either that, or I wasn't far from their camp. But I doubted that. These children definitely moved fast, that was for sure. They stared at me through blackened eyes, leered at me with evil grins. They did that for a while, then Tiahad took me into the forest, and we fought bare-knuckle for a long time. I was beaten up pretty badly, and I was very sore afterward. But I beat the tar out of the lead hunter, and when we came back to the group, I had earned a little respect. It wasn't much, but I had to get these people off of my back. That night, I let down my guard. They wasted no time tying me up and preparing a fire for a sacrifice. I waited a moment, and then called out to the limited Force. I killed a good number of the dark offenders with my bare hands, and soon I could feel the Force, even more powerful than ever. I knew now I could heal myself, and maybe even

sense Master. I called out with the Force, and received an answer immediately. He was coming! This made me extremely happy. I then looked about me. Bodies lay everywhere. The stench of death was overwhelming. I left, and went to the nearest clearing. There, I lay down and surrounded myself with the Force, hoping to heal myself. The events of the past few weeks had really taken a toll on me. My ankle was badly broken, and I was sure some of my ribs were also. My head pounded, and I had some nasty wounds I was certain were infected. My back hurt, from lack of rest, I guessed. I was, frankly, a wreck. So I turned my energies inward.

Qui-Gon had run almost non-stop for three days. He was getting exhausted, and he still couldn't sense his Padawan. This fact worried him to no end. He hoped Obi-Wan wasn't dead, but all he could sense was that malevolent evil that hung in the Force. It was like a curtain over his vision. He stopped to rest, and found a large animal nearby. It was tame enough, and had a saddle on it. So Qui-Gon hopped up on the beast's back and began to direct it where he thought he should go. Suddenly, the curtain rose, and he could plainly sense his apprentice, calling out to him. Qui-Gon's heart sang for joy. But yet, the sense wasâ€|tainted somehow. Not evil, but different. He then recognized it as a distress signal. He began to hurry the animal faster, straight towards Obi-Wan, hoping to get there in time.

He found himself riding through a forest, and then he stopped at a clearing. There were bloody bodies everywhere. The smell of death was awful, and he nearly choked on the stench. He ran into the next clearing to find a figure lying on the ground, battered and bruised, but alive. Qui-Gon knelt next to the still form, picked him up, and set him on the pack animal. He then climbed on and directed the animal towards civilization and, hopefully, help.

I awoke, to find myself on a strange animal. I turned my headâ€|Master. I hoped that we could get to the nearest city, because I felt awful. Somehow though, I knew it was Master. He looked at me and smiled reassuringly. I smiled back, and promptly barfed all over him. How nice, puking on your Master. He just nodded and began to direct the horse. After a moment, I got up the physical strength to talk. "Where are we?" I croaked. Mater replied "About twenty kilometers from help. But howâ€|I realized suddenly I hadn't destroyed all of the children, some had escaped. "master frowned at me. "What children? What do you mean?" Once again, he had probed my mind. I didn't like that, and he knew it. But I was too weak to argue. I finally said "It was children who did all that. They're Force-strong, and hate Force users with a passion." He stared at me, shocked, for a while. "They told me about people like that. I didn't know they were children. Not that it makes a difference, I guess. There are others out there, then?" "Yes, I didn't get them all, I guess. They might come looking for us." "I'll make sure that doesn't happen. For now though, let's get to town and get you taken care of." I asked "What town?" He said "Eghat Town." I cringed. This wasn't what I wanted or needed at this time. I needed to forget those psychotic children and concentrate on getting well.

I came to a long time after. Master said I had slept for four days. I had been placed in a bacta tank, and then left in a medical facility to heal. I was feeling much better, but still a little sore. I was able to get up the day afterward, and this made me very glad indeed. Now Master and I could get on with our mission. We were both sitting in the quarters Master had rented when a knock sounded on the door. I

knew who it was, and knew what they wanted. Master went to the door and opened it. A figure stood there dressed in rags. It smiled from underneath a hood. Master invited him in. I looked at Master and warned "Don't let himâ€|' Too late. The figure grabbed Master's lightsaber and swung with it, hard. Master barely ducked underneath the blow, and ripped the lightsaber from the fiend's force grip. Then, the creature produced a sharp knife I remembered well, and said "Time for payday, traitor!" he pushed Master out of his way and lunged straight for me. But I knew from experience I was faster. I jumped straight in the air and came back down behind him. He turned, belatedly. I punched him hard, first in the gut, then the face. He backpedaled enough for me to get in on him. I continued to hit with a flurry of punches before he surrendered. I grabbed his hood and pulled it back. Sure enough.

Tolven glared at me. "Looks like you win this round, punk. But you won't win them all. I guarantee that. I'll make your life a living hell for this, traitor. You could have had so much if you had stayed with us. But you had to be better than us, didn't you? Just couldn't handle sinking to our level. But that's okay. You'll get what's coming." I turned away, unable to hear more. I knew I should have killed him, but I knew it would be wrong to cut him down in cold blood. Master stared at Tolven with an unholy look in his eye. "You're the one who did this to him? No, you will pay for your own mistakes." He took his lightsaber and sliced downwards. And cut through the floor. All three of us tumbled downward, for our room had been sitting on top of a large room. We landed, hard. There were coffins all around. It was a tomb. I grimaced as I looked up, wondering if we could levitate up the pit. If we couldn't, this would become our grave as well.

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## Part 6: The Crypt

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Sure enough, we couldn't levitate up the shaft, not yet at least. We needed to gather the Force around us, and it wasn't easy. The scene all around was unnerving. Tolven had been knocked unconscious. I might as well never visited the bacta tank at all. Master looked a little shaken up himself. Bodies lay all over the place. The whole thing was eerie, and I was allergic to it. I sneezed violently and repeatedly, drawing the attention of Master. He frowned at me, a concerned look on his face. I looked around for something to blow my nose on. There was nothing there. I sighed and sat back, miserable with my newfound allergy and my new injuries. Master continued to stare at me and I finally said "I'm all right. No real problem. Don't worry about me." The way he stared at me was unnerving. I wondered what was going on, but then the psycho child awoke, and I preferred to pay attention to him for the moment. This thing with Master was getting weird. I knelt next to Tolven and did a quick survey of his injuriesâ€|none other than a possible concussion. He wasn't allergic to the tomb. Why was I the only one? And why was Master staring at me that way? Was I really that strange? What was going on? I finally went to sleep, as it was the only thing I could do.

I awoke several hours later, to find Master staring at me. Finally I asked "Do I look odd? What is it? I don't like the way you're looking at me." He replied, in the most demonic voice I had ever heard. "Well

now Obi-Wan, today is your lucky day. I am Rieyahdi, and I am a killer of men. You are my next victim." My Master, the master I knew so well, was possessed? By a demon? This was getting way out of hand. I wasn't supposed to be terrified of my own Master, was I? I was officially scared now. And my terror grew as my Master advanced on me slowly.

The next thing I knew, I was lying inside a coffin, with a dead body in it. It stank of decay, and I quickly looked for an exit. I pushed on the lid until it came off, and I saw Master standing there in the center of the crypt. Tolven was lying in a pool of blood. He appeared dead. Master looked over at me, a feral gleam in his eye. He asked me if I liked my blood poisoning. I frowned at him, then looked down at myself. My arms were swollen, and the veins were a blackish color. I noticed that I felt a little light-headed as well. I thought, this is terrific. Sentenced to death, by my own Master. I had to find a way to get the demon out of him, and soon, or it was curtains for me. I wondered if there were any spirits in this grave. I stretched out with the Force, and heard voices, crying out, demanding justice for those who had broken into their home. I had a long "conversation" with the souls, asking them what I could do to solve this problem, and also how to get the demon out of Master. As it turned out, the "demon" was an enraged spirit who took his anger out the only way he knew how. Which was killing me slowly and then destroying Master from the inside out. The only way to rectify the situation was to leave this crypt, and to leave its contents as we had found them. The body of Tolven would be left behind as payment for the destruction we had already caused.

I came out of my trance, to find Master grinning at me. He came after me suddenly, a strange, pointed object in his hand. He swung, striking me across the chest. I fell backwards, then reversed and lunged straight at his midsection. I hit him, and we fell together. As we went down, I realized that I had to get Master out of here somehow, because that was the only way the demon would leave him. I gathered my ragged sense of the Force together and threw Master high in the air. As he flew upward, I guided his body, so his robe caught on a snag about halfway up the wall. I jumped next, landing below him on the wall. I began to climb up, guiding Master's body with me. He was trying to resist, but I concentrated and, minutes later, climbed up onto a ledge. Master was there also, unconscious. I waited by his side the whole time he was out, ignoring my own condition. I knew I would need another stay in the bacta tank. I dreaded that, but it was for the better. Finally he came to, the demon gone. He asked "What in the universe happened? What happened to you?" He reached a hand out and touched my face gently. I replied "You were possessed by a demon, you killed our 'companion', and you nearly killed me. But it's not your fault." He looked at me for a moment and said "Let's try the medical facility again, shall we?" I grinned and let him lead the way back to the med station.

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## Part 7: Return to Normalcy

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Master and I spent three days in the med center. He had various injuries of his own to take care of, and I had to spend another spell in the bacta tank. When I awoke after treatment, Master was by my

bedside. He looked at me, relief evident on his face. He smiled and said "Apparently I owe you my life. I guess you levitated myself and yourself up the cliff. You are very strong in the Force, and I'm sure you will make a great Jedi." I smiled back, still a little weak from the blood poisoning. I said "It was nothing. You would have done the same in my situation. I must say though that I am surprised I was able to do it. Either way, I'm glad we both made it out alive." We stared at each other for a long time and then we both said, in unison "You better get some sleep." We laughed about that, and then Master went back to his bed. I lay back and smiled, as I thought about my stay on this planet, then slept without fear or regard for anything in the galaxy.

We left the med center three days later. I was feeling much better, as was Master. Now we could finally get on track for our actual mission in the capital city of Volwrept. It took us quite a while to track down the source of the distress beacon, but when we found it we came upon something quite unexpected.

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The children were bad enough, but what awaited in the capital city of Volwrept was worse. There were underground tunnels, and one of them was the source of the distress signal. It was soon located, and we found it was a trap. There were more people down in the tunnels, all of them haters of Jedi. They attacked in volume, and we had to kill them just to get through. One of them set off a reaction, and the opening to the tunnel exploded. We were officially stuck below the surface of the planet. This just seemed to get worse every day.

## Part 8: Tunnel Vision

Our eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness. Master ignited his lightsaber. I took a blaster from the body of one of the men. It was crude, and using it would be in violation of the Jedi Code. But I did need something to protect myself. I looked at Master and he nodded. It was not the ideal situation, but nothing else could be done. We worked our way through the tunnels, killing anyone who interfered. I missed my lightsaber, and wished there was a way to repair it. I would have to wait until we got back to Coruscant though. I wondered if the Council would yell at us for killing all these people, but at this point we had no choice. It was kill or be killed in this new world.

The tunnels were long and totally confusing. It was hard to remember where we had been. We did a lot of backtracking for the three days in the tunnels. The tunnels were so long, it took us three days to finally get out. People dogged our every step. It was as if something unholy had taken over this entire planet. When we emerged, we were in a totally different place. It was another city we guessed, but it wasn't. We were still in Volwrept, just a different part of town. Nothing seemed right. People were all around us, strange smiles plastered onto their faces. They began to close in on us, and we knew we had to get off the planet and fast. We ran towards the other side of the city. Everywhere zombies followed us. The thing was a nightmare.

We stopped in the nearest clothing store to disguise ourselves. After that, we hurried for the next ride to the spaceport of Rawtop. The

ride was uneventful. When we reached the spaceport, zombies still chased us. The scenes of the last five days on the planet of Reptaw were a blur. I can't remember much, other than the tunnels and the zombies. We hopped on the nearest spaceship and stole it. A standard week later, we were back in Coruscant.

## Part 9: Looking Back

The Council was not pleased with our report. They said we had done the right thing by killing the people in the tunnels and getting away from that planet. It was not our fault that the planet was infested with evil. The Council reported our findings to the Republic, and the planet was placed on probation. In the meantime, Qui-Gon and I were to take a long break. My lightsaber was repaired, and we were well rested. I hope we never go near that planet again. Looking back, I now know what that unholy anger was that had taken over the people. I hadn't given it much thought then, but Reptaw was controlled by its neighbor, Naboo. Palpatine was in control for the most part there, and sent Naboo's criminals there. So the bad people of the planet were now over on this planet of Reptaw. Palpatine must have staged the whole thing himself in the hopes of killing a few Jedi. What a mistake we made by going there.

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The End

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End  
file.